

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

Collected and arranged by

HERBERT HUGHES

Volume I

Also published

Volume II

Volume III

Volume IV

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TO MY SON

PATRICK CAIRNS HUGHES

I DEDICATE

This Volume of our National Melodies.

PREFACE TO VOL. I.

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
 And rob a wild bird's nest,
 And back I'd bring whatever I do find
 To the arms that I love best,
 —She said,
 To the arms that I love best,

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,
 And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;
 Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
 Since the lowlands of Holland are between' my love and me,

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words (in English) of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected

in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgment of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish Ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibbereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or

influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could wish. So-called "quarter tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurry or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French School, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale, and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly as they were sung or played, I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

HERBERT HUGHES.

London, 1909.

NOTE

IN this volume there are only two poems that are translated from the original Gaelic—those entitled “My love, oh she is my love” and “I wish I had the shepherd’s lamb.” I give here part of the original poem of which Dr. Hyde has made a metrical translation in “The Love Songs of Connacht.” There are ten verses altogether, but I have only set five to the tune in this book.

AN SEARC 'SÁ ÓLÚLTUASÁD

Mo ghnáth, ón 'fí mo ghnáth
 An bean ír mó bior 's am' ériú,
 Ír annra i d'm' déanamh tinn,
 Ná an bean do m' déanamh rán.

'Si mo gceá, ón 'fí mo gceá,
 Bean an riúig uairne mar an riú,
 Bean nád g-cuirfeadh láimh pá m'-ceann
 Bean nád luirfeadh liom ar ór.

Mór mo éár, ón móir mo éár
 Ír ionglaíodh faid go bhfágam báir,
 Bean nád otiúthraíodh taobh liom
 Dáir mo mhionn ír i mo ghláth.

'Si mo mhian, ón 'fí mo mhian,
 Bean ír annra liom faoi 'n ngréim,
 An bean nád g-cuirfeadh oípmhinn
 Dá guridhinn le na caéibh.

'Si do éráthasig mo ériordé
 Áir t'fágadhis oína am' lár
 Muna otóigtear an t-olc ro dín' ériordé
 Ni béisí mé go deo rán.

Dr. Hyde’s translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. He gives it also literally as follows, including the verses I have left out:

My love, oh! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me; Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be making me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey (?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (*i.e.*, me) nothing; A woman

who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears. She is my shape, Oh, she is my shape, A woman who does not remember me to be out, A woman who would not cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle. Great my case, Oh ! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my love! She is my choice, Oh ! she is my choice, The woman who would not look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me, And who is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh ! great my grief, At the great disrespect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of my life. She is my desire, Oh ! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

In reference to the phrase "She is my shape," Dr. Hyde gives a note in which he suggests that the word *cruit*, which he has translated as "shape," may have been intended for *crot*, meaning riches or cattle. He goes on to say that an old meaning of *cruit* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. The poet may have meant to say "She is my riches." The word generally means "shape," which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of beauty.

The other song, "I wish I had the shepherd's lamb," is pretty well known all over Ireland, both in Irish and English. The late George Petrie took down two verses from a peasant in the county of Clare, and Dr. Joyce, whose version I have set to the music, has added one stanza (the second) to those given by Dr. Petrie.

Δρ τρυας γαν πεατα'ν μαοιρ αγυμ
Δρ τρυας γαν πεατα'ν μαοιρ αγυμ
Δρ τρυας γαν πεατα'ν μαοιρ αγυμ
'Sna caoipe deaga bana.

Chorus

Ir o goirim, goirim tu
Ir ghrad mo chroide gan ceils tu
Ir o goirim, goirim tu
'S tu peata deag do mactar.

Δρ τρυας γαν μαοιλιν bān αγυμ
Δρ τρυας γαν μαοιλιν bān αγυμ
Δρ τρυας γαν μαοιλιν bān αγυμ
Δρ fáilte a mo ghrad geal.

Δρ τρυας γαν bólacht bainne αγυμ
Δρ τρυας γαν bólacht bainne αγυμ
Δρ τρυας γαν bólacht bainne αγυμ
Δρ Cáitín o na mactair.

Dr. Joyce gives the following translation of the chorus:

And oh ! I hail thee, I hail thee
And the love of my heart without deceit thou art,
And oh ! I hail thee, I hail thee,
And thou art the little pet of thy mother.

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The verdant braes of Skreen.

M
1744
H893168

224483

v. 1

From an old Ballad.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante.

VOICE.



PIANO.



grass," she said, "Nor be a love of.... thine, For... I

hear you love a..... Con - nact maid, And your heart is no lon - ger

mine," she said, "And your heart is nolon - ger mine."



"Oh Ill not heed what an old man says Whose
 days are well nigh done, And Ill not heed what a
 young man says, For he's fair for many a one," she says, "For he's

cres.

fair for.... many a one." "Oh

confere.
dim. *p* *cres.*

I will climb a..... high, high.... tree And

rob a wild bird's nest, And.... back I'll bring what

cres.

ever I do find To the arms that I love best," she said, "To the

dim.

arms that.... I.... love best".....

colla voce.

* Reynardine.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

Donegal version.

VOICE.

PIANO. { *p non legato.*

If by chance you look for me Per-
haps you'll not me find, For I'll be in my

* In the locality where I obtained this fragment Reynardine is known as the name of a faery that changes into the shape of a fox.—Ed.

cas - tle, En - quire for Rey - nard - -

ine. Sun and dark I fol - lowed him, His

eyes did brightly shine; He took me o'er the

mount - ains, Did my sweet Rey - nard - ine.

dim.

rall.

pp

dim. e rall.

If by chance you look for me Per - haps you'll not me

find, For I'll be in my cas - - tle, En -

- quire for Rey - nard - ine.....

Re.

*

The Weaver's Daughter.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

It was on a charm ing fine summer's wea - ther, When eve - ry
 *
 (galumphing.)

flow - er brought a pleasant scene, When my love he came with his hat and

fea - ther Un - to the town..... of sweet Nor - een.

* An Ulsterism.

It's "Mod.es'e Nan - ey, ob - lige my

fan - ey, And I'll buy you a bright chain of gold."

ff

I.....would not spoil my good rep.u - ta - tion For all the

p

gold..... you have in store, For they are but heart - less that e'er would

venture To fix their minds..... on gold I'm sure
pp leggiero.

Slower.

Oh! she is my
p colla voce.

fan - cy, her name is Nan - cy, The weavers' daughter of sweet Nor -

- een.....
a tempo dim.
pp

When thro' life unblest we rove.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

OLD AIR.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

When thro' life unblest we rove,

Los - ing all that..... made life dear,

Should some notes we..... used to love.... In.....

days.... of..... boy - - hood meet our ears,

Oh, how wel - come breathes the..... strain,

Wa - king thoughts, that..... long have slept,

Kind - ling for - mer.... smiles a - gain..... In

fad - ed..... eyes..... that long have wept.

Mu - sic, oh how....

pianissimo

faint, how faint, Lan - guage fades be -

- fore thy spell, Why should feel - ing....

ev - er speak When thou canst breathe her soul so well.

allargando.

a tempo.

Friend - ships balm - y words may.... feign,

a tempo.

Loves' are een more false than they;

Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain..... Can

sweet - ly..... soothe..... and not be - tray.

colla voce. *mf*

The next market day.

Fragment of Tyrone Ballad, adapted.

ULSTER MELODY.

Allegro vivace.

VOICE.



PIANO.



A maid goin' to Comber her markets to larn, To sell for her



mammy three hanks o' fine yarn, She met with a young man a long the high.

way Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.

Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm,

Sit ye be - side me this new tune to larn, Here is three guin-eas your

mammy to pay,- So lay by your yarn till the next mar- ket day.

pp

They sat down to - ge - ther, the

grass it was green, And the day was the fairest that ever was

seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a mornin' o' May, I could

sit by your side till the next market day.

This young maid went home and the words that he said And the
air that he played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go

find him by land or by sea Till he learns me that tune called "The

next market day."

My love, oh, she is my love.

Words by
DOUGLAS HYDE.
(From the Irish.)

SOUTH IRISH.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

(*mf* *sempre legato.*)

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell Which haunts me more than

I can tell, More dear because she makes me ill..... Than

who would will to make me well. She is my store, oh,

she my store, Whose grey eyes wound ed me so sore, Who

will not place in mine her palm, Who will not calm me

a ny more. Too hard my case, too

hard my case, How have I lived so

long a space And she to trust me ne - ver more. Though

I a_dore her si_lent face She's my de_sire, oh, my de_sire, More

cresc.

glo_ rious than the bright sun's fire, Who were than wind - blown

ice more cold..... Were I so boldas to sit by her.....

mf dim.

pp (with mock pathos)

Oh, she it is hath

pp molto legato.

stole my heart And left a void and ach - ing smart, And

if she soft - en not her eye..... Then life and I..... in

colla voce.

pain must part.....

pp

I know where I'm goin'.

OLD SONG.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Wistfully.

PIANO.

I know where I'm
go-in', she said, And
go-in, And I know who's go-in' with me, I know who I
love But the dear knows* who I'll mar-ry!

I have stockings of silk, Shoes of fine green lea-ther,

* Dear knows: the Ulster equivalent of "Goodness knows".
Copyright 1909 by Boosey & Co.

Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for evey^r finger.

Some say he's black,* But I say he's bonny, The

fair-est of them all My.... hand-some, win-some Johnny.

Fea-ther beds are soft, And painted rooms are bonny, But

*Black: dour, ungracious.

I would leave them all To... go with my love John-ny.

Pensively.

I know where I'm

cresc.

dim:

p

or go . in', she said, And

go . in',..... And I know who's go . in' with me, I know who I

colla voce.

love,..... But the dear knows who I'll marry!

p

Slow by the shadows.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Slow by the.... sha - dows of dark Gleann a -
legato.

- righ, The... King's Narrow Wa - ter chants out to..... the

sea, And... wreath'd in.... its.... flow - ing My.... love with it....

goes To.... Feen - agh of..... Oak - woods and Dree - nan... of
 Sloes. There hang the... grey hills And
 green woods a - dream, 'Twixt hea - ven's soft.... eye And the
 heart of.... the stream; And hid in their si - lence My...
 love makes her... bower In.... both - y of..... sloe boughs And

wild tan - sy flower. Up where grey

Dree - nan Looks out to the... morn In.... dark - ness lies....

Eith - ne That true "heart of corn:" At.... Feen - agh I....

wooded her For well nigh a.... year, At.... Feen - agh I....

won her Low laid on.... the bier. rall.

The Little Rose of Gartan.

Words by
SEÓSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

con spirito

As I came o'er the Glash-y head I spied a little
mf

peas-ant maid: She tripp'd the heath as light as.... down T'wards

plea_sant Kil_ma _ cren_an town. Her hair was swarth, her... eye was blue And

brighter than the morn_ing dew; Her cheek a bunch of brown_ing sloes, Her

mouth a.... bud_ding bram_ble rose. To

see so fair and free a child A - foot up_on the mountain wild, It...

leggiero

was a joy, a ve - ry...joy, And O I....wished my - self a boy. She

was the fai - ry... flow'r and pride Of all that highland Gar-tan side; And

peas . ant po_ets called her... so,-The Lit . tie Rose in... like to blow.

cresc.

On, on she danced as.... light as down T'wards

dim.

mf

pleasant Kil_ma_cren_an town, And while she danced she sang a.... song That

lin_gered in my mem'ry long. I mind it yet tho' nine good year It

is since I was fishing there, And spied that lit - tle peas - ant maid A.
dim.

- bove the bab - bling Glaash - y head.

A Ballynure Ballad.

Fragment of an old Ballad.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

Allegro giojoso. (M M $\frac{1}{4}$ = 138.)

(In strict time throughout.)

VOICE. **PIANO.**

As I was goin' to Ballynure, the day I
well..... remem...ber,... For to view the lads and lass... es on.... the

fifth day of November, With a m-a-ring-doo-a-day, With a m-a-

ring-doo-a-dad-dy oh..... As

I was go-in' a-long the road when homeward I..... was walk-ing..... I

heard a wee lad be.hind a ditch.a To his wee lass wastalk-ing, With a m-a-

ring . doo . a . day, With a ma . ring . a . doo . a . dad . dy, oh!.....

Said the wee lad to the wee lass "It's will ye

let..... me kiss ye,.... For it's I have got the cor . dial eye.... that
ben marcato

far ex . ceeds the whis . key," With a ma . ring . a . doo . a . day, With a ma .

- ring - a_doo - a_dad - dy, oh!..... This

cor_dial that ye talk a_bout there's ve_ry few... o'them gets it,... For there's

p

no _ thin' now but crook _ ed combs and muslin gowns can catch it. With a ma-

- ring - doo - a_day, With a mar.ing - a_doo - a_dad - dy oh!.....

p

pp

As I was goin' a long the road as home-ward

f pp

I..... was walk.in'.... I.... heard a wee lad behind a ditch.a To

his wee lass was talk . in'.With a m.a.ring ..doo .. a ..day, With a ma ..

-ring .. a.doo .. a..dad .. dy oh!.....

pp

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the voice (soprano and alto) and the bottom two are for the piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are mostly in soprano range, with some lower notes in the alto range. The piano part includes chords and bass notes. The score features dynamic markings such as 'pp' (pianissimo), 'f' (fortissimo), and 's' (slurs). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first line starting with 'As I was goin' a long the road as home-ward' and continuing through several more lines of text.

Down by the Sally Gardens.

Words by
W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore."

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p sempre legato e delicatissimo
with $\text{G} \Delta$

Down by the... Sally....

gar - dens My... love and... I did meet, She.....

passed the... Sally gar - dens With lit - tle snow-white

feet. She bid me... take love ea - - sy, As the

leaves grow on.... the tree, But..... I be-ing young and

fool - ish With her did... not a - gree.

In a field..... by the....

p riv - - er My... love and..... I did

stand, And..... on my.... lean_ ing shoul - der . She

placed her.. snow - white hand; She bid me... take life

ea - sy, As the grass grows on..... the... weirs, But

I was young and.... fool - ish And now am,... full of

tears.....

The Bonny Wee Mare.

(A ballad of a horse-race.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto.

(In a rollicking manner.)

VOICE. *In strict time throughout.*

PIANO.

(1.) It
bein' on the eighth of Oc - to - ber last, When r-a-c-e-s was o-ver and
(2.) this wee boy.... got on its back They filled to him.... a

mar - kets past, I'd a bon - ny wee mare. a nice race mare,
glass of sack, Say-ing "Come, my boy.... don't let her go off,

A..... bon - ny wee din wi' two split ears, Wi' my
But..... hold her in with a live - ly swing, Wi' my

tid_dy ri tid_dy ri fa la la la fi tid_dy_i - dee.
tid_dy ri tid_dy ri fa la la la fi tid_dy_i - dee"

The music consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and has a treble clef. The bottom staff is in common time and has a bass clef. The vocal line includes lyrics with some slurs and rests.

(2.) When
(3.) The first three miles that
(4.) "How can that be?... the

The music continues with two staves. The vocal line includes lyrics with some slurs and rests.

we rode on My bon_y wee din... she lie be - hind, Which
wee boy cries, "That my... wee mare would win no prize. Here's

The music continues with two staves. The vocal line includes lyrics with some slurs and rests.

makes those sportsmen shout and say: "Here's
fif - ty pound my uncle gave me, I'll

The music continues with two staves. The vocal line includes lyrics with some slurs and rests.

Sheet music for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The lyrics are:

fif - ty pounds on the live - ly bay, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
hold it on..... ye, pur - ty Bes - sie, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri

The vocal line continues with:

fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee.....
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee".....

The vocal line continues with:

(5.) The next three miles that we rode on, My

The vocal line continues with:

bonny wee din... she lie be - hind, Which makes her mas - ter smile and say

My..... bonny wee din you will

win the day, Wi my tid_dy ri tid_dy ri fa la la la fi tid_dy_i -

- dee."

(6.) But the

ve - ry last mile... we rode that day My bonny wee din She

raced a-way And left the lively bay be-hind, Which.....

..... caused those sportsmen to change their mind, Wi' my tid_dy ri tid_dy ri

fa la la la fi tid_dy.i - dee.

(7.) It's now this wee din has won the race, She'll stay no lon - ger

in this place, She has won as much money this ve ry day As.....

..... 'll help her master to clear the way, Wi'my tiddy ri tiddy ri

fa la la la fi diddy-i - dee.

senza rall.

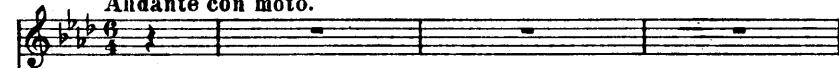
She moved thro' the fair.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.
Adapted from an old ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.



PIANO.



My..... young love said to me..... "My mother wont mind And my fa.....



wont slight you for your lack of kind,"..... And she



stepp'd..... a way from me and this she did say, "It.....



will not be long, love;..... till.. our wed.ding day."

p

She..... stepp'd a-way from me..... and she went thro' the

fair, And fond ly..... I watch'd her move here and move

cresc.

ff

there,..... And then she..... went home ward with one star a ..

ff

dim.

wake, As the... swan in the eve ning..... moves o-ver the

lake..... Last.... night she came to me.....

she came soft .. ly in..... So.... soft .. ly..... she

came that her feet made no din,..... And she laid her..... hand

on me and this she did say..... "It..... will not be long, love,.....

till our wed..ding day".....

You couldn't stop a lover.

(A FRAGMENT.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

PIANO.

*You might well cause an eagle to come down from his nest, But you
couldn't stop a lover for hell come...night and day, He'll come night and day, and he'll
come night and day, Oh you couldn't stop a lover for he'll come...back a...gain.....*

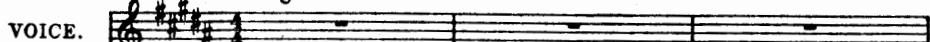
An Island Spinning Song.

PÁDRAIC COLUM

Adapted from an old ballad.

INNISMURRY.

Allegretto.



Allegro.

PIANO.

One came before her and

One came before her and

said, be - seech - ing, "I have for - tune and

I have lands, And if you will share in the

goods of my house - hold... All my
 trea - sure's at your com - mand."

But

she said.... to him "The goods you.... prof - fer Are

p

far from my mind as the silk of the sea, The

cresc.

cresc.

arms of him, my young love,... round me Is
 all the..... trea - sure is true for
 me."
 "Proud you.... are then, proud of your beau - ty, But

beau - ty's a flow'r will.... soon de - cay; The

fair - est flow'r's on - ly bloom in..... sum - mer, They

bloom one..... sum - mer and fade a -

dim e poco. r all.

- way."

p a tempo.

p

My heart is sad for the lit - tle flow'r That

p

must soon wi - ther where it grew,..... He.....

molto cresc.

..... who has my heart in..... keep - ing I

ff

would he..... had my.... bo - - dy

dim.

too.

rall

dim - in - u - en - do.

pp

The Fanaid Grove.

Old Ballad
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.

'Twas on a winter's ev'ning,... When

first came down the snow, O'er hills and lofty

mountains... The stormy winds did blow; A

dam - sel she came trip - ping down All in a drift of

animando.

fa - - ther..that shut the....door on me, And

more so was my mo - - ther For plain - ly she did

see That dark and storm - y was the night, It

pierced my heart with cold. And cru - el was that

false young man... That sold his... love for gold.

Un -

- to a qui - et grove she went And there did... she kneel down,

Turn - ing her eyes to hea - ven,.. In sor - row she made

moan, She kissed her ba _by's cold, cold lips.. And laid it by her

side, And in that si _ent Fa .naid grove ir lone _ly...grief she

died.

B for Barney

(A FRAGMENT)

Belfast Street Song

COUNTY ANTRIM

Allegro

VOICE $\frac{2}{4}$

PIANO $\frac{2}{4}$ *mf*

B for Bar-ne-y, C for Cross, R for my love... Bar-ne-y Ross!

All the world will ne-ver, ne-ver know The love I have for my Bar-ne-y O.

B for Bar-ne-y, C for Cross.....

pp

pp

ppp

The Lover's Curse.

Old Ballad.
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante maestoso.

VOICE.

This one and that one will court him,..... But if

eer he gets a - ny but..... me.... Both....

dai - ly and... hour - ly I'll curse them..... That

stole love - ly..... Ja - mie from me.....

dim.

poco animando.

Far in the.....

mp (legato)

land of the stran - ger,..... Six... hun . dred long

cres:

miles o'er the..... sea,..... To.....

molto cresc.

ff

fight in the... low - lands of Hol - land.....

ff

They stole love - - ly..... Ja - mie from.....

dim: e rall.

me.....

mf

pp sostenuto.

Sad - ness and.....

pp

weep - ing are on me..... For the lad that is

cresc. *poco stringendo.* *ff a tempo*

o - ver the..... sea,..... But,... dai - ly and

hour - ly I'll curse them..... That stole love - ly.....

dim.

Ja - mie from me...

dim. *p* *mf*

I wish I had the shepherd's lamb.

Words by permission from
Joyce's "Irish Music & Song"
(Translated by P. W. Joyce.)

The Glens of Antrim.

In reel time. (*Vivace*.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

In reel time. (Vivace.)

—

—

—

—

I..... wish I had the shepherd's lamb, the

p *ben marcato.*

shepherd's lamb, the shepherd's lamb, I wish I had the shepherd's lamb and

Ka - tey com-ing af - ter, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss

gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto

pah - ta bég do wau - her. I.....

wish I had the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, I

wish I had the yel - low cow, And wel - come from my dar. - ling. Iss

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto pah - ta beg do wau - her.

I..... wish I had a herd of kine, a



herd of kine, a herd of kine, I wish I had a herd of kine And



Ka - tey from her fa - ther! Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss



gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto



pah - ta beg do wau - her.



Must I go bound?

Fragment of an old Song.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante.

VOICE.

Must I go bound and

PIANO.

you go free? Must I love the lass that wouldn't love me? Was

e'er I taught so poor a wit As to love the lass would

break my heart? I..... put my fin - ger to the bush To

pluck the fair - est rose, I pricked my fin - ger

to the bone, But ah! I..... left the rose be - hind. So must

I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that

wouldn't love me? Was e'er I..... taught so poor a wit As to

love the lass would break my heart?.....

I know my love.

* Old Song.

WEST IRISH.

Allegretto.

(To be sung without pauses.)

VOICE. PIANO. { *(without expression)*

I know my

love by his way o' walk-in, And I know my love by his way o'

talk-in, And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue, And if my love

laves me what will I do o-o? And still she cried "I love him the

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* In Galway and Clare this song was sometimes sung in alternate verses of Irish and English, but I have been unable to obtain the Irish words. The version here given forms part of the song as it is known in Limerick.—Ed.

H.6116.

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bonny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do - o - o?..... There..... is a

dance house in Ma - ra dyke,..... And there my true love goes ev'-ry

night,..... He takes a strange one up - on his knee, And don't you

think now that vexes me e - e?" And still she cried "I love him the
 best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she
 cried "bonny boys are few, And if my love leaves me what will I
 do o - o?..... If my love
 knew I could wash and wring,..... If my love knew I could weave and

spin,..... I'd make a coat all of the fi - nest kind, But the want of
 money, sure, laves me be - hind"..... And still she cried "I love him the
 best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she
 cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I
 do - o - o?"

The Gartan Mother's Lullaby.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante.

VOICE.

Sleep, O babe, for the
legato.

PIANO.

red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's fall. Ee - val from the

Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall..... A lyan van o, my

child, my joy, My love and hearts' de - sire..... The

crick - ets sing you lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.....

Dusk is drawn, and the

Re.

Green Man's thorn Is wreathed in rings of fog; Shee - vra sails his

boat till morn Up on the starry bog..... *A lyan van o*, the

cres.

pa - ly moon Hath brimmd her cusp in dew..... And

dim:

weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune I sing, O love to

you.....

p

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si-lent twi-light's

pp

fall. Ee-val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in

thrall..... *A lyan van o*, my child, my joy, My

love and heart's de - sire,..... The crick - ets sing you

lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.

pp